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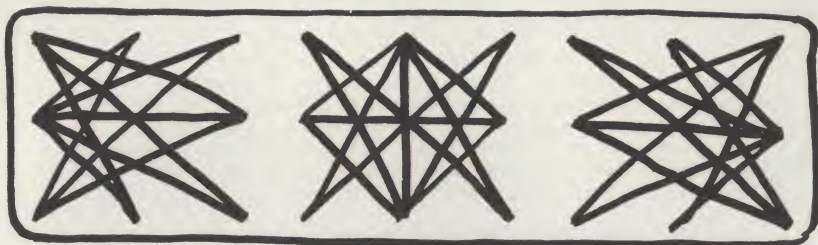
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THE FAUSTUS TRADITION IN THE EARLY SCIENCE FICTION STORY

(second of three parts)

by Leland Sapiro

§4 The Cliché in the Amazing Story

But except for Francis Flagg and a very few others,²⁶ the early writers of science-fiction did not think about the implications of the Mechanical Philosophy, but were content merely to repeat the popular sentiment concerning it.

Before finding out how this sentiment was expressed, we note that except for a small minority²⁷ the writers of the "gadget story" were not scientists, but ordinary citizens making impressive scientific noises.

"I realized that radio-active niton might solve my hitherto insurmountable difficulty.... My final success came with the substitution of actinium for the uranium...plus a finer adjustment in the vortices of my three modified Tesla coils.... I was then enabled to filter my resonance waves in pitch with my electronic radiate rays."²⁸

Other times, there was an apparently scientific description of laboratory equipment.

It was a marvelous room, filled with an intricate complication of ingenious apparatus. Upon one side was banked series after series of vacuum tubes, mounted upon long panels of shining bakalite. Another wall was completely hidden by a huge switchboard, studded with... switches, control knobs, rheostats and levers.²⁹

In such cases, the lack of something more definite either was excused on grounds that the process is "too technical for your liking,"³⁰ or replaced by a pragmatic justification that the apparatus worked, even though its principles of operation were unknown.

"What you saw in the bowl... was merely a mass of protoplasm... artificially produced, that possesses those qualities we consider as essential to... life..."

.... "How on earth is it produced though? From water?"

"Yes.... I do not know now why the special energy of the tube reassembles the atoms or electrons in water to form living matter, but I know that it does so and that is sufficient. The utility of the discovery in the present emergency is what interests us...."³¹

Our first datum, then, concerning the Amazing story is its scientific naivete, which was disguised either by a mass of pretentious but meaningless verbiage or by an "indefinite description" which conveyed no specific information.

The next thing to notice in the Amazing story is its portrayal of the scientist himself, who frequently was characterized as an animated machine by the use of such phrases as "cold-blooded,"³² "unbendingly scientific,"³³ the "antithesis of all emotion."³⁴

Naturally, the scientist lacks the basic social prerequisites. Thus the late Professor Clinton Wild was a "very grouchy individual... hated by the students, whom he in turn cordially disliked,"³⁵ while the late Professor Adams, although the "most noted figure at Northeastern"³⁶ -- due to his research in atomic structure -- was also the "least liked," his "brusque manners and contemptuous indifference" antagonizing teachers and students.

But this is not all: Being an automaton himself, the scientist may very well regard other people as automatons. Thus the late Professor Muther was aware that the electrical resistance of the human body "varies with its emotional state"³⁷ and hence regarded human emotions as nothing but electrical currents,

this rationale enabling him to commit unforgiveable trespasses on the "emotional privacy" of his colleagues. Even worse was the "inhuman" Doctor Lesson, who indicated by his "diabolical" experiments that he regarded a human being "only as an object for his probing knife." 38

Such stereotyped characterization -- and such scientific naivete -- leads to the conjecture that it was the Mother-Goose variety of science which was represented in Gernsback's magazine.

But clichés -- about scientists or anything else -- are, by definition, public property and not exclusive to the Amazing story; therefore we must inquire how, in general, such concepts are derived.

It will be pertinent to observe that the way in which a person receives new ideas can be correlated to his type of occupation. We notice that in the nursery rhyme,

Butcher, baker, candle-stick maker,
Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief,
Tinker, tailor, cowboy, sailor,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,

only the last line specifies professions involving the manipulation of symbols -- whether in scientific journals, statute books, advertisements, or bills of legislation. A person in this category -- whether mayor or minister or magistrate -- might perceive by a direct study of Newton or Darwin the mechanisation which their writings imply.

The other category, partially enumerated by the first and third lines, included those persons who deal not with symbols but with matter. An individual in this classification -- whether baker or boxer or bartender -- usually does not receive a new concept until after it has been evaluated by members of the first. He therefore would absorb the results of the Mechanical Philosophy not as a cognitive belief -- derived by reading the "Principia" or "The Origin of Species" -- but as an emotion, recollected in disgust by spoken and written accounts, reduced to the lowest common denominator of their audience.

It was by such means -- newspaper editorials, clerical admonitions, and unscholarly reviews -- that the eighteenth century resentment of Mechanism was concretized into the popular stereotype of the scientist as the living embodiment of the Newtonian world-machine. A cliché is simply an idea which has been circulated so widely that it is familiar to those not professionally concerned with the manipulation of symbols -- and it was in this form that the anti-Newtonian reaction was conveyed to readers of the Amazing story.

§5 Newtonian Biology

We next consider in more detail the use of mechanistic methods in biology. During the immediate post-Newtonian era there were various applications of "Mechanistic Analysis" -- culminating in 1798 with Laplace's treatise on celestial mechanics -- but no attempt to apply similar reasoning to the life-sciences. Nevertheless, there did exist vague premonitions of things to come, incoherent fears that the science of mechanics would be extended "too far," such feelings being articulated by the Romantic Protest against scientific method.

Fundamentally, that...attitude to which we have given the name of Romanticism was a reaction against a too narrow construing of human experience in terms of reason alone. It was an emphasis on everything that differentiates man from the coldly calculating thinking machine; and correspondingly a revolt against viewing the world as nothing but a vast mechanical order.³⁹

However, this anti-mechanistic frame of mind, although expressed by the Romantic Reaction, was not stated explicitly until the time of Darwin -- the reason for such delay being that before this time the intrusion of Mechanism into biology was only a possibility, not an actuality.

Against Darwin were directed several kinds of theoretical polemic, one of which excluded man (or at least his essential part) from the physical universe.

...man was an animal certainly...but man was at the same time something other than an animal, extending his being to the experience of something beyond the phenomenal world.⁴⁰

Darwin's theory might account for man's physical aspect, this argument implied, but not his soul, which extended "beyond the phenomenal world" and therefore beyond scientific study.

There also existed a related argument, which instead of separating life itself into human and non-human -- and then interdicting the scientific study of man -- merely distinguished between life and non-life -- and then stated the impossibility of mechanistic biology. This type of polemic (sometimes given the title of Vitalism) consisted in the enclosure of all biological phenomena (and, in particular, the behavior of man) within an aura of mysticism, impenetrable to rational insight.

Admitting...as highly probable...the applicability to living beings of the laws which have been ascertained with reference to dead matter, I feel constrained...to admit the existence of a mysterious something lying beyond....

What this something, which we call life, may be, is a profound mystery...if a thick darkness enshrouds all beyond we have no right to assume it to be impossible that we should have reached...a stage where further progress is unattainable....⁴¹

Such an attitude -- that the unknown is therefore unknowable -- was exemplified in "The Plague of the Living Dead" (April 1927, pages 5-20. 98) by A. Hyatt Verrill.

This story concerns biological experiments performed by a Dr. Farnham upon certain residents of Abilene Island. At the start, Dr. Farnham states the (nineteenth century) scientifically orthodox view of life, as he compares the human embryo to a "complicated machine as yet inoperative...ready to be set in motion...when the steam is turned on." That the soul is "anything divine or incomprehensible" is denied by Dr. Farnham, who believes that the soul is just a by-product of the organic machinery.

Already, the doctor has found a serum which stops the ageing process -- with public derision of his claims resulting in his self-imposed insular exile -- and one day, using a "new combination of the constituents of his original product," he revives a dead guinea-pig. Repeating this experiment on a kitten -- which later spits and snarls in an unreasonable way -- the doctor cogitates on his results. Paradoxically -- but in strict necessity with the "moral" to be derived from the story -- the doctor's successes serve not to confirm but to refute his previous views: "It is impossible to define life," he reflects, "in exact or scientific terms."

A more crucial test soon is provided by some noxious fumes, from a volcanic eruption, which asphyxiates a group of human beings -- each of whom is revived by an injection of Dr. Farnham's serum. But later the doctor is surprised when an assistant complains that one of the reanimated corpses "stuck a machete in me" and another, that they "cracked me over the head with stones." Recalling the ferocity of his revived kitten, Dr. Farnham starts to have misgivings.

Perhaps only the physical organism could be restored to life, and the mental processes remained dead. Perhaps, after all, there was such a thing as a soul or spirit and this fled from the body at death and could not be restored.

Finally, when the conduct of the living dead becomes a public nuisance, the doctor outlines to government officials his (eventually successful) plan to induce a second volcanic eruption, which, he predicts, will explode the infected portion of the island into interplanetary space. Dr. Farnham himself offers to donate the necessary money, since it was

his own "interference with the laws of a most wise and divine Creator" which had caused this entire unpleasantness.

Let us ask: What was it that Dr. Farnham's serum failed to restore? The doctor's first conjecture about the disappearance of "mental processes," implying the loss of rationality, is not confirmed by the testimony of his assistants, because assault with stones and machetes, while not socially acceptable behavior, is nevertheless learned, and could not be exhibited by organisms devoid of intelligence. We therefore shall accept the doctor's second statement -- to be regarded as a separate hypothesis -- about removal of the soul or spirit.⁴²

Mr. Verrill's slight unorthodoxy -- the accepted belief is that men but not cats have souls -- need not concern us: Our interest in this story is the author's purpose in writing it, which ostensibly is the refutation of Dr. Farnham's original thesis that a living organism is like a machine and that the soul is neither divine nor incomprehensible. Hence the conclusion is: an organism is not a machine, and the soul is both divine and incomprehensible.

But more than just a denial of Newtonian mechanism is implied by Dr. Farnham's experiments, which also are described as violating laws of the Deity. On the basis of this story alone one might think that Dr. Farnham's revival of the dead (truly an abominable practice) is the subject of the Divine interdict -- but in "The Ultra-Elixir of Youth" (August 1927, Pages 476-485), published a few months later, the author uses almost identical language to condemn a relatively innocuous experiment: the delay of old age by means of the drug Juvenum.

A dog belonging to the experimenter, a chemist named Montrose, has just lived his life a second time in reverse, changing in two days from a "feeble puppy" to a "blind, newly-born, tiny thing," and then vanishing altogether. Knowing that he is to suffer a like experience, the narrator says:

The poor rejuvenated dog which Montrose, poor fellow offered in the cause of science, has proven an object lesson to us, has brought home to us the terrible consequence of attempting to interfere with the plan of the Creator. (Page 483)

In each of these two stories the experimenter's purpose was to restore youth, or at least "to prevent the visual ravages of time upon the system." Neither scientist wished to "change the laws of Nature" (to use Montrose's phrase), yet this is what each, by his own admission, has accomplished.

But the scientists have confessed to the wrong crime. Dr. Montrose, for example, has not violated but established a law, namely, the law which specifies the effects of the drug, Juvenum. Under ordinary conditions a living organism passes

from infancy to adulthood, while (as Montrose has shown) under the effects of Juvenum it traverses these stages in the reverse order. A law can hardly be violated by the administering of a new drug, because laws specifying its action have not yet been established.

Verrill's indictments therefore lack precision: What he actually had in mind is displayed more accurately by another writer, William Lemkin, whose scientist says:

"....gentlemen, I have even improved on nature, if I may be pardoned for uttering so blasphemous a statement. I have effected certain minor, though significant rearrangements, in the molecular configuration of the protein...." 43

In attempting to improve upon nature, Montrose and Farnham, too, have been guilty of impiety -- and their chastisement is the deserved result.

But except for Verrill's several efforts the notion of biological improvement played no leading role in the Amazing story, being counterbalanced by descriptions of biological mutilations and insect monstrosities.⁴⁴

Evolution, in particular, was seldom mentioned: Aside from Edward Rementer's Venerian inhabitants⁴⁵ -- possessing feline instead of simian ancestors -- and, of course, Edmond Hamilton's bird-men and turtle-men, the only task of Darwin (or, rather, the theory attributed to Darwin) was to provide a more dynamic outlet for the impiety of the Faustian biologist, who now could be guilty of disrupting a Plan of Becoming rather than an Order of Being.

This distinction is seen most clearly by a comparison of two passages, the first from Charles Rector's "Crystals of Growth" (12-27, pages 874-877):

"Growth, as you know...is the result of the assimilation of the various elements...which the animal or plant obtains..."

...I nodded in affirmation...and he continued...his dark piercing eyes fastened on mine.

"The statements...made thus far are natural facts, obviously true, if one only takes the opportunity to look about him. We take it as a matter of fact that in youth we grow a few inches taller and a few pounds heavier each year. But have you ever stopped to consider why this growth should be comparatively slow?"

The enormity of the suggestion almost paralyzed me. Was the Professor trying to change the order of the universe? I looked at him sharply. (875)

The other quotation is from "The Evolutionary Monstrosity" (Winter 1929, pages 70-77) by Clare Winger Harris:

"How are Irwin and Ted getting along with their experiments?" I asked....

..."Frank," she said earnestly, "can't you stop them? It is my opinion that they are guilty of great desecration. One can not so distort God's laws without evil results..."

Suddenly she stiffened and gave vent to a muffled scream. "It is coming..."

...I felt rather than saw a malign presence in the room. I turned...to gaze down into a pair of evil eyes a few inches above the floor....

"If I could but kill it!" I thought as I followed the thing.... "Is it a representation of the future? God forbid the development of such life upon this globe! It would seem that the evolutionary process minus the modification of environmental influences point toward retrogression instead of progress. Man dare not tamper with God's plan of a general, slow uplift for all humanity." 72

In her reference to "the evolutionary process minus the modification of environmental influences" Mrs. Harris implicitly rejects Darwin's theory: for it was precisely such "environmental influences" which Darwin believed responsible for the modification of species, with any additional "law" or "plan" being regarded by him as superfluous. In this respect Mrs. Harris shares the opinion held by certain of Darwin's contemporaries, who were willing to concede man's descent from the ape but not Darwin's explanation of it as comprised in his theory of Natural Selection.⁴⁶

Indeed, the anti-Darwinian viewpoint was sometimes emphasized in the Amazing story, whose authors, although not explicitly trying to refute Evolution, did introduce that type of supernatural causation which Darwin found unacceptable.⁴⁷

Consider, for example, the story of Professor Townsend,⁴⁸ whose ambition it was to create a living organism from inert matter. The discovery, in his laboratory, of the professor's fully clothed skeleton leads to the conjecture that his experiments have been successful.

Townsend's contention (quoted from a manuscript) was that "just as electricity...is generation by the friction...of certain kinds of matter, so life is generation when certain other types of matter come together...."

"What is your opinion of this theory?" I asked Dr. Dorp.

"It is most cleverly put, but false because based on the false premise of the materialists that there are but two things in the universe, matter

and force. They do not recognize the power that controls the force which moves the matter toward a fixed objective. That power is mind...."

"If the professor succeeded in creating a living thing from inert matter," I said, "it seems... to me that he has demonstrated his proposition."

"Why?"

"Because he was experimenting with dead matter and not with mind.... There would be no mind or soul involved to inherit its being from a parent mind or soul. A new life entity would be generated, as it were, from matter which formerly contained no life."

"I think," said the doctor quietly, "you would have stated the proposition more accurately had you said that a life entity -- a mind without a body -- had been induced to enter the body synthetically created." (Page 278)

Since the notion of a "life entity" is indistinguishable from that of a "vital force," Dr. Dorp exemplifies the vitalistic type of reasoning cited previously.

We note here that the anti-Darwinian crusades of the nineteenth century generally were not protests against evolution as such, but against the absence of purpose in Natural Selection. Even before Darwin the notion of biological evolution had been widely publicized,⁴⁹ but the pre-Darwinian theory of "directed evolution" was relatively unobjectionable because it was consistent with the argument from design.

If...the different animals and plants now existent were developed by a natural process of evolution...we should still...point to the evidence of intelligence displayed in the...progressive development, in the exquisite forms so different from what blind chance could produce, and in the manifest adaptation of surrounding circumstances to the living creature.... The argument from design would indeed be changed...but it would be as fully cogent as before.⁵⁰

Even in the Newtonian world-view the design argument had retained its validity; for just as a clock implies a clock-maker, so the world-mechanism implied the existence of a great mechanic. But Darwin's theory -- the adaptation of species by "surrounding circumstances" -- was "mechanistic without the favorable implications of mechanical design." ⁵¹ Natural selection is "the law of higgledy-piggledy," merely a sifting out by the environment of random "variations" between parent and offspring -- a process in which the number of favorable deviations is exceeded ten-fold by the number of useless ones. It was the enormous waste in natural selection which furnished perhaps the most convincing refutation of design.

But in whatever sense the phrase "non-purposive" is understood -- as denoting waste or mechanism or "blind chance"

-- this aspect of Darwin's theory proved to be the most repulsive to the orthodoxy of the late nineteenth century -- and, in the early twentieth, to the Victorian sensibilities of the Amazing story.

§6 An Inexplicable Story

We have seen how both inner spirit and external intelligence were to be replaced by Mechanism. The resentment of such materialistic encroachments is given its most vigorous expression in Alexander Snyder's "Blasphemers' Plateau" (October, 1926. Pages 656-668).

The subjects of the story (to quote the advertisement from a previous month) are some "eminent scientists" who "successfully experiment with infinite secrets, until they become drunk with their power. Then another scientist arrives on a friendly visit...."

The chief eminence is Dr. Oliver Santurn, biologist, while the intruder is Gary Mason, archaeologist. En route, Mason hears rumours about strange experiments at the doctor's country workshop -- now an object of curiosity and detestation to nearby residents -- but upon arrival, he is received enthusiastically by his former classmate and allowed to inspect Santurn's home-laboratory. The first room is the library:

"Why, what's this, Oliver?" cried Mason in astonishment. "Books on religion! The 'Koran', 'Holy Bible', I had no idea that you were so interested in theology and religion...."

Doctor Santurn's eyes gleamed oddly...

"So much so, Gary, that all my work revolves about my personal beliefs. I am attempting to throw new light on Immortality and the Resurrection via the laboratory route." (Page 859)

After being introduced by the doctor to his three co-workers, Mason learns from him the purpose of his experiments: "To prove that spiritual Immortality does not exist.... And that goes for Resurrection, too." A man's spirit, explains Dr. Santurn, "is merely the vibrations with stimulates the electrons in their orbits."

But such views are not favorably received.

Something clutched at Mason's heart then, perhaps the memory of his father, long ago on a Thanksgiving Day saying grace over the festive board of the little New England farmhouse. He thought too, of his mother, laid away to the accompaniment of clerical assurance of her spiritual persistence; of his own wedding and...the same dear wife's promise, just prior to her decease, to wait for him on the 'other side'.

But Oliver Santurn would deny these blessed things to mankind.... (Page 663)

Mason resolves to stop this "monstrous" undertaking by destroying the experimenters. Pretending an interest in the work of the doctor, Mason remains as his guest, and after several weeks becomes friendly with a Dr. Stevens, who possesses "many likeable qualities" despite his sacrilegious intent.

Having watched a demonstration of Dr. Santurn's "neo-split wave transmitter," an apparatus which creates blood cells, Mason is informed by Dr. Stevens that the opposite effect, the destruction of blood cells, would be observed if the "wave-polarity" were reversed. Dr. Stevens confirms his statement by a private demonstration:

"This experiment is entre nous, if you please. I don't think the Doctor would altogether approve..."

"Observe this white rabbit.... I am going to use a negative and reversed harmonic for rabbits' blood haemoglobin. Watch!"

The loud, metallic screech, now familiar to Mason, commenced and ceased...and now the rabbit gained his attention.

To his amazement he saw its pinkish ears grow paler, blanch an opaque white.... The animal seemed to shrink slightly....

"The subject," announced Stevens... "is dying of pernicious anaemia...." (Page 666)

Mason decides that the transmitter is quite suitable for his own project. Murmuring "false phrases of approbation," he stays another month and witnesses other experiments -- including the "artificial birth" of a human baby. Through "some slight error in calculation," the infant is born an idiot, and therefore is given "radio-glandular therapy" in order to increase its intelligence.

One evening, Mason sees the chance to execute his plan, as the doctors all gather around the operating table to watch an implantation of "a section of brain tissue into the child's cranium." During this performance, Mason resets the neo-wave transmitter, trains it directly at the heads of the assembled scientists -- and awaits the results.

He shrank back in terror as the Doctor raised his head suddenly and pointed an accusing finger at him.

"Gary," said the Doctor bitingly, "you have abused the most sacred canon of hospitality in planning the destruction of your hosts. Don't attempt to deny it...."

"If we had been in proper relation to the receptor, we'd have been idiots by this time. The ray you directed at us would have destroyed our brain

tissues...you bigoted would-be murderer...."
(Page 667)

The indignant Dr. Santurn now orders his guest strapped onto the operating table, and then by a suitable application of the wave generator changes him into an idiot.

The doctors now prepare to resume the operation.

"Now, gentlemen... Science can proceed unhampered by fanatics...." He paused, his face distorted by...pain.

Swiftly he ripped his surgeon's gown from his body....

"What do you see, Bridges?" he asked....

Bridges, pressing his own face as if in pain, peered intently.

"There's a peculiar enlargement under... the jaw," he said. "Why! It's swelling as I watch!"

"Quick! Trace down the lymph nodes in the neck," the Doctor commanded....

Bridges did so. "Swelling too," he announced, "They're like marbles. It's almost like..."

"Go on, man!"

"Like metastasis in cancer, when the infection spreads."

"Good Lord," blurted forth Stevens... "We never thought these currents would act like x-rays..."

"Damn your ignorance!" said the Doctor bitterly. "Ordinarily cancer takes up to a couple of years to kill, and here you've saddled me with an unknown...variety that's killing me in minutes! You gaping fools! Haven't you ever heard of the cumulative effects of Roentgen Rays.... Well, now you know the Neo-Wave is similar. Oh, yes, now you'll know! Mark you my lads, I'm going fast...but you'll follow soon yourselves!"

"You, Johnssen! What're you looking at on your arm? What's the trouble with your face, Bridges? Hi, Stevens...Do your feet hurt?...."

...Bridges was running about...futilely wringing his hands....

Johnssen gazed with terrible fixety at his forearm, feeling the chain of nodes that were swelling....

And Stevens was crying...unashamedly as he clutched at his ankle.

"Boys," said the Doctor... "We're beaten... If we'd have studied diseased tissues for the sake of Humanity, as our friend Mason might say, there'd be a fighting chance for us...." (Page 668)

Let us re-examine this last scene.

We notice, first, that the death of the experimenters could not have resulted from Mason's single application of the neo-ray; for even if they had been standing "in proper relation to the receptor," the beam would have produced idiocy rather than cancer.⁵²

On the other hand, the fatalities could not have been caused by past accumulations of radiation. In his diagnosis, Dr. Santurn has forgotten that as a group the scientists have not experimented with the neo-ray (thus denying Mason his chance at mass-murder), so that during past months they have all been exposed to differing amounts of it. (And, of course, Dr. Santurn is ignorant of Stevens' rabbit experiment.) Therefore the ray's cumulative effect -- even if exhibited as a sudden "delayed reaction" -- could not have manifested itself in all persons at the same time.

Hence the destructive effect of the radiation is neither cumulative nor instantaneous -- so that within the conscious framework of the story a rational account of its final scene appears to be impossible. We therefore must search for new concepts.

(To be concluded)

Footnotes

26) G. Peyton Wertenbaker's "The Chamber of Life" (October 1929, 628-639) is a haunting evocation of a life regulated by the "soul of the machine." More prosaic in style, Dr. David H. Keller's Lamarckian story, "The Revolt of the Pedestrians" (February 1928, 1048-1059) also is relevant to the present context, as is "The Thought Machine" (February 1927, 1052-1058) by Ammianus Marcellinus (pseudonym of Aaron Nadel), with its naive mechanization of human thinking.

27) A count of 124 contributors prior to 1930 reveals 12 scientists: Miles J. Breuer, William H. Christie (pseudonym, Cecil B. White), Daniel Dressler, Hugo Gernsback, David H. Keller, William Lemkin, Harold F. Richards, E. E. Smith, Albert B. Stuart, A. Hyatt Verrill, Harl Vincent Schoepflin, Robert A. Wait. Of these, four were medical doctors, namely, Miles J. Breuer, Daniel Dressler, David Keller, and A. B. Stuart, and four others, Ph.D's. Two of the remainder, Hugo Gernsback and A. H. Verrill, have their scientific qualifications listed, e.g., in the 1928-1929 Who's Who; while the last, Robert A. Wait, is described (May 1929, 172) as "an instructor in chemistry at James Millikin University."

28) Benjamin Witwer, "Radio Mates," July 1927, 371-372. Cf. G.C. Watson, "Caphul, The City Under the Sea," January 1929, 930, and P.F. Nowlan, "The Airlords of Han," March 1929, 1112 f.

29) Charles Winn, op. cit., 138. Cf. Stanton Coblenz, "The Radio Telescope," June 1929, 200, and "Kaw", "The Time Eliminator," December 1926, 803.

- 30) G. P. Bauer, "Below the Infra-Red," December 1927, 885. Cf. S. M. Sargent, Jr., "The Telepathic Pick-Up," December 1926, 829.
- 31) Harl Vincent, "The Colloidal Nemesis," December 1929, 803.
- 32) Victor Thaddeus, "The Chemical Magnet," August 1927, 487.
- 33) M. H. Hasta, "The Talking Brain," August 1926, 441.
- 34) Austin Hall, "The Man Who Saved the Earth," April 1926, 75; reprinted from All-Story Weekly, December 13, 1919.
- 35) David M. Speaker, "The Disintegrating Ray," February 1928, 1089.
- 36) Edmond Hamilton, "Locked Worlds," Amz. Q., Spring 1929, 222.
- 37) M. H. Hasta, op. cit., 442.
- 38) Joe Kleier, "The Head," August 1928, 421.
- 39) John H. Randall, Jr., The Making of the Modern Mind, second edition (New York, 1940), p. 399.
- 40) Robert Shafer, Christianity and Naturalism (London, 1926), p. 264. Although his book was printed in the twentieth century, Mr. Shafer is quoted as an example of the Victorian mentality.
- 41) G. G. Stokes, Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, 1869, civ-cv; quoted by Alvar Ellegard, Darwin and the General Reader (Goteburg, 1958), p. 83.
- 42) Both explanations are accepted by Dr. Farnham in the story.
- 43) William Lemkin, "Cold Light," November 1929, 713.
- 44) The disembodied human head was featured on three occasions: M. H. Hasta, op. cit., Joe Kleier, op. cit., and Joe Simmons, "The Living Test Tube," November 1928, 744-750. Examples from the other category are Curt Siodmak, "Eggs from Lake Tanganyika," trans. C. A. Brandt, July 1926, 346-349, 384; Russell Hays, "The Beetle Experiment," June 1929, 207-213; and Walter Kateley, "The Hollister Experiment," Amz. Q., Winter 1929, 112-119.
- 45) Edward L. Rementer, "The Space Bender," December 1928, 838-850. An exception was H. G. Wells, "The Island of Dr. Moreau," which was reprinted in October and November of 1926.

46) Natural selection also was rejected by A. Hyatt Verrill. See this author's The Strange Story of Our Earth (New York: Fawcett World Library, 1956), pp. 141 ff.

47) For some questionable metaphysics concerning the soul see G. P. Bauer, op. cit., 887; P. F. Nowlan, op. cit., 1136.

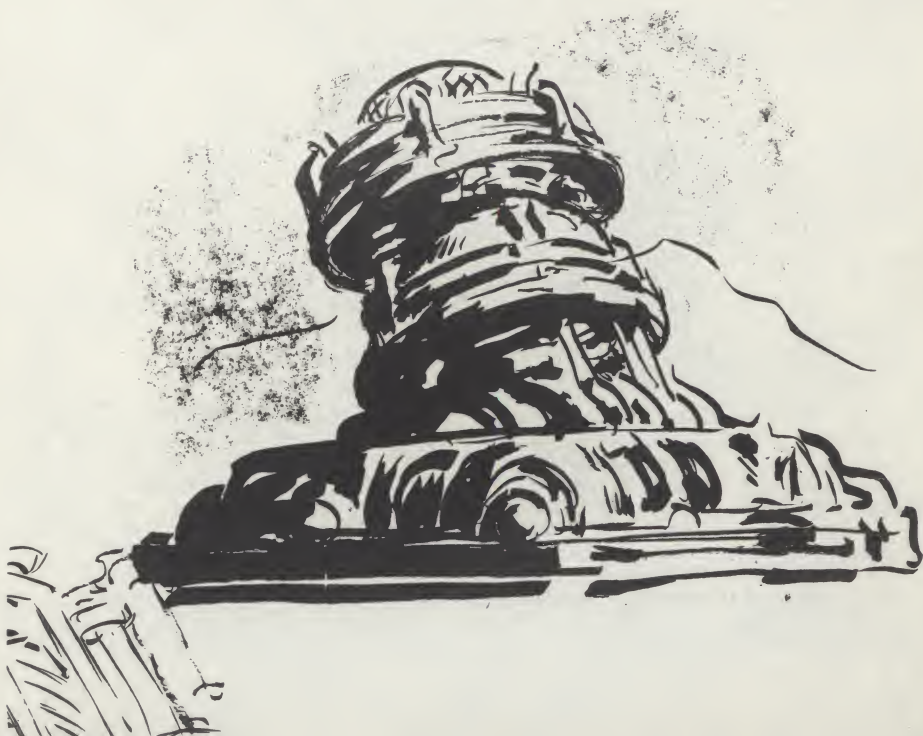
48) C. A. Kline, op. cit.

49) A "popular" account of evolution, Robert Chambers' Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, published fifteen years before the Origin, had sold over twenty thousand copies. For details see the sixth chapter of C. C. Gillispie, Genesis and Geology (New York, 1959).

50) W. E. H. Lecky, History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe (London, 1906), I. 295.

51) William Irvine, Apes, Angels and Victorians (New York, 1953), p. 97.

52) It is not explained why the beam produces idiocy in humans but pernicious anaemia in rabbits.





ON TRANSCENDING THE LINEAR BARRIER

William M. Fagan

"The older Greek philosophies," to quote H. Osborn Taylor's The Mediaeval Mind (pp.34-5),"had sprung from open and unprejudiced observation of the visible world." But after Socrates, "philosophy turned, as it were, from fact to truth," and "thereupon the Greek mind became entranced with its own creations."

This change from Fact to Truth has been alleged by some writers to be a cause for our supposed "decadence"--as compared, e.g., with the civilizations of Mu and Atlantis --and such explanations receive a good-natured parody in the following essay-story.

Vivid oranges and pinks and purple-hued greys, splashed across a backdrop of mushrooming cirrocumulus cloud formations, had seemed to dip into the iridescent reflections of white-capped waves that night. From his home overlooking Standby Point, Thaddeus T. McGinley had looked out of his study window toward the west. The Southern California sunsets had meant much to Thaddeus T. McGinley, who was at that time not just a Speech Professor at Prosody College in Excelsior, California, but a man destined for a prominent place in the history of mankind.

It was not through chance that Thaddeus T. McGinley had lived on a cliff overlooking Standby Point; for it is here that the vibrations emanating from the Lost Continent of Mu are known to be the strongest. People who come to Standby Point to view the galaxy of colours where sky and ocean meet do not realize that the beauty they see is all a part of a cosmic pattern being used by Matuschek, the great teacher of the ancient Mekeulian Empire, in his attempt to communicate with the population of Southern California.

Only we of the Brotherhood are acquainted with this fact. But none of us are in tune with Matuschek the way our brother Thaddeus T. McGinley was. For years, Brother McGinley led in the struggle to decipher messages being sent out by Matuschek.

At the present moment, I am sitting here in Brother McGinley's study, looking out of the same window he was on that fateful night. It is early evening. As I look out I see a large central block of searing cerise. It is bordered on the top by bluish-grey with patches of peach, here and there, where the two colours are in the process of blending. On the other three sides of the cerise I see dirty smog-tinted greys. These dirty greys are reaching out, trying to grab all this beauty and drag it down into their murky drabness--while underneath, green sleek water wriggles by, as if attempting to prevent all this cruddy mass from settling on it.

I can't help but think as I sit here, looking out the window, that our brother, Thaddeus T. McGinley, is attempting to communicate with me. I do not wish to convey the idea that Brother McGinley had a dirty mind; but this type of cosmic pattern is quite different from the types that Matuschek usually uses when he sends out his messages.

Some may inquire at this point, why is it important that we in Southern California receive the messages being sent to us from the Lost Continent of Mu? It is important because the only time in history that man was ever able to learn the secret of transcending the Linear Barrier was during the ancient Mekeulian era. Unfortunately, when the continent of Mu sank beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean some forty thousand years ago, Matuschek and the secret sank with it.

But while in a literal sense Matuschek died, he didn't die in a cosmic sense. He merely changed from a solid to a gaseous form, as all of us do when we pass over from this material world into the ethereal world beyond.

Matuschek, at present, is striving desperately to communicate with us, to give us the secret we so badly need today, how to transcend the Linear Barrier. However, before going any further, let me tell you a little about the Linear Barrier and the grave threat it poses to our present civilization.

As you are probably aware, when man is in a primitive state intellectually, he learns by observing phenomena through sensory perception. He then uses what he has learned to enable himself to live off of his environment. Man in this state must of necessity be realistic for the sake of self-preservation. But as man progresses intellectually, he passes into a secondary state; he begins to apply imagination to sensory perception.

This results in logical reasoning or planned thinking. As man continues to progress, he develops more intricate patterns of reasoning, until his imagination takes over almost completely at the expense of his sensory perception. Man then starts to stretch out lines of reasoning with the ultimate goal of achieving truth. As man stretches out many lines of reasoning and achieves many truths, he starts to become entangled in these lines. He becomes a prisoner in an artificial world of his own making.

This has been the pattern in every civilization in history, with the exception of the Mekeulian Empire. Men, using their wits, and living from their daring and intuition, have built great civilizations, only to see these civilizations smothered to death by a blanket of tightly woven intricate patterns of thought.

To give you an idea of how this happened to one great civilization, let me quote to you from the manuscript our brother Thaddeus T. McGinley was working on that night he disappeared.

"In olden times, a beacon-light of freedom arose upon an island of hope in the midst of a sea of darkness. This beacon-light was erected in a Greek colony known as Ionia. The Ionians were the world's first materialists; they studied what was, instead of what should be.

"Because they walked in light while the rest of the world walked in darkness, the Ionians achieved great wealth. This wealth was well distributed. This wide distribution of wealth created a large leisure class--a leisure class that could afford such luxuries as playing games, sitting around on warm summer days holding group discussions, and debating together in large arenas. The result was a competition of ideas. Great men such as Pericles, Corax, Protagoras, Thrasymachus crossed the stage, and all seemed well in Greece.

"Then there appeared on the scene a knight, astride a white horse named Purity, carrying in his right hand a terrible weapon called Truth. This man's name was Plato. He studied what should be, instead of what was. Together with his infamous pupil Aristotle, Plato put into motion a philosophy that was to tear down the beacon-light and plunge the island of hope back into a sea of darkness.

"Plato was first and foremost a mathematician. The slogan over his Academy read, 'Let no one ignorant of Geometry enter here.' Plato felt that since there was nothing that was straight in nature, nature was imperfect. He began an attempt to perfect nature by drawing lines. Aristotle, following in his master's footsteps, drew even more lines. Finally, between them, Plato and Aristotle succeeded in encompassing the Greeks within a thick impenetrable linear barrier.



"They imprisoned the minds of their fellow countrymen within a fortress whose walls were constructed of syllogisms and enthymemes, and whose windows were barred with lines of reasoning and refutation. And the Greeks slipped from the intellectual heights their practicality had taken them into the pit of logical reasoning. And to this day the Greeks are still swimming around in tautological circles at the bottom of this deep dark pit.

"Unfortunately, students, we in America are now beginning to travel down the same path the Greeks took. We are now a rich nation with a large leisure class. We can afford the luxury of looking back instead of forward. We have begun the practise of revisiting Platonic and Aristotelian concepts. As a result, we have stopped asking questions as practical men do and have started seeking answers as logical men do. We are no longer a people who are willing to dare, to dare, to dare again. We have become a people who ask only that we be given reasoned beliefs that we can stand upon."

This was as far as our brother, Thaddeus T. McGinley, had gotten on his manuscript. It is certainly a beautiful night, tonight. If only Brother McGinley could be here to share it with me! The moon has risen now. And high in the heavens, thin wisps of ivory-tinted clouds streak the atmosphere as they float among the stars. It's almost as though the sky were a huge marble canopy studded with millions of sparkling silver sequins. But wait a minute! I see a brilliant light that appears to be coming up from the bottom of the ocean. It's like a gigantic searchlight. Good Grief! Brother McGinley is coming back to us, and he's bringing Matuschek's secret with him...

Note: This was as far as our brother William M. Fagan had gotten on his manuscript the night he disappeared.

andy

ross

Necromancer

THE SONG

I being but a child, they deigned to let me hear him sing:
 Palletted beneath the chairs, confront with falling bread,
 The family hounds asleep about me in a ring,
 I too embattling sleep, afraid lest it be said
 That I was weary, and I be carried from the presence of the king,
 I heard him sing, my heart behind my ears, recumbent in that room
 which they had fled

Fearing his mind, leaving me consort with warriors and princes,
 who held no dread.

I still recall the fire when he touched the string:
 His lyre emitting soundless music like a seashore sigh,
 Like the flaming manes of horses dancing in the night,
 Burning the air; yet all were unmoved, no one gave a cry,
 Although I bit my lip until it bled to hide my young boy's fright,
 I, warren'd now among the bitter brittle coats of all the dogs
 Unsleping I,

My neck encroached upon the wolfhound's sleeping neck,
 My naked feet upon the spaniel's thigh,
 And then his docile voice rang out with might:

"Twice-tales, the words twice-words my heart I sing,
 I sailed a ship, a ship the doublelashed filling sail sailed I
 A starry eye upon the canvas cloth sailed I
 That winked and mirrored to her sisters in the night.
 The tides go in, the tides go out,
 The night moon turns the waves about.

Earth to earth, each passing bowed us down in lacy-like
 as pirouette,

The nasal spume spit spinning and the wheel round
 Then up with all the shanty of a windward day,
 Around revolving like an ebony rose,
 Catching all the strokes of sunlight in her teeth.

O the lands these eyes have searching felt,
 The loams these fingers seen,
 The airs these withered lungs have taken of,
 The constant tastes this tongue has not denied.

And seen the rising dance of mirror-moons:
 She upon the outstretched sash of evening,
 And lo, she echoed halfway through the waters of a still-born lake:
 A winter butterfly a-hover underneath the ice.

And seen two freckled kittens war
 While roundabout the wheat danced to the summer sun,
 And pregnant, burst the grains below the kittens' rolling backs.
 And smelled the lavender and then the mint,
 And then wild roses, then the ferns and firs,
 And last the eucalyptus, as the wind proceeded down the
 raining slope.

Seven days, the moons of faith and indiscretion have I sailed,
 And seen the emerald fish in the seas and flying over the waves.
 Seven days of planting and of reaping, have I this traveled
 world sailed.

Years of diligence and thought, of revolutions and of peace,
 And all this traveled so so wearied mind and song.
 And tides go out, and tides go in
 When dawn rays eat the moon does day begin."
 These words he sang full twice and twice again.
 They were to me as might be wind upon the high-grown grain:
 And that was what they say has caused me all my pain.

THE TRIAL

I, sitting across the room from him,
 His eyes lined up on something far away from all of us,
 Not any one of us said a word.
 Well someone had to speak at length, say something in that
 awful room.
 So I began, if only to avoid the gloom
 I knew ensued in such cases as these.
 "They say you practise magic," I said.
 "Oh yes, I know the birthplace of the moon
 And understand the whisperings of the trees.
 But is there harm in that?"
 "You spoke with pards and unicorns,
 Conversed in midnight woods with newts and efts?"
 "I tried to talk once to a cellar-rat,
 But frightened him I think, for he turned tail and quickly left.
 And is there anything in that?"
 "You loved a witch with eyes of ice,
 With hair from which fell stars and flares
 When she walked in the night.
 Is that not true?"
 "She was no witch; her eyes glimmered like a morning's dew,
 Her hair swung to and fro and arcing slice
 And slash of caught moonlight whipped and lashed the nocturne airs.
 But that is not the same as stars and flares."
 "You sang of times and deeds and ways."
 "I cannot see the harm in that,
 And anyway that was in my younger days."
 "Your words were magic, they enslaved and manacled us all."
 "It was very long ago, and, as I recall,
 I had no ill in mind when I sang then."
 "Your ill-intent was manifest in what was done."
 "To whom?"
 "To me, for one.
 And only through the help of others not affected have I
 redemption found."
 "What?"
 "Lying as a child beneath the table of my father, hound surrounded,
 O yes, this is all too very plain to see," said I with ire.
 The caverned within his skull went out.
 Now all that remain are the formalities
 And then the licking of the fire.



THE OUTCASTS

by Kris Neville

East Fifth Street in Los Angeles is the street of derelicts. Passed by time, transcended by obscure events, the forgotten people shuffle with bowed heads into a lonely and nameless eternity.

Often the women there, old and brittle, dress in a finery of time gone by. They rouge their cheeks and paint their lips and dye their hair. Beneath red the ravage shows.

The girls there, too, are old. Childhood is the lost memory of a sigh: a place that can neither be forgotten nor remembered. Often the girls dress in gay formals at noon. The formals are stained with perspiration and are without flowers. They rouge their cheeks and paint their lips and bleach their hair. But rather than being brittle, as are the women, the girls are merely mechanical.

The men, old and young, dress in cast-off clothing or in clothing that has been worn too long and washed or cleaned until the vitality has been removed. There are few beards, but fewer still are smooth shaven. The complexion of the Caucasians is an all-pervasive sallow; their exposed parts are sallow and their covered parts are sallow. Darker skins are ashen.

Here and there are the new ones. There are the young girls who are not yet old and mechanical but in the process of being passed downward through the hands of the pushers. Soon, for them, love will become another word no more real or meaningful than truth, beauty, and justice. There are the young men, still with the dream behind their eyes. But it will pass.

So, on East Fifth Street, in Los Angeles, the young and old spin their destinies against the harsh background of the sounds of the city.

At noon there is almost hope. There is a brief infusion of office workers, clad in bright new suits and clean white shirts or in colourful skirts and starched blouses.

But even then the air does not change. The air is permeated with the smell of automobile exhausts and warm bodies and fried foods and alcohol and the sweet smell of drugs. The sun is hidden by eye-stinging fumes.

At noon, the sounds increase in tempo--the clatter of high-heeled shoes, the roar and cough of automobiles and the whisper and cry of human voices. These sounds intermingle. Listen for a while and they become not many sounds but one great, sad sound that fears to roar too loud in protest.

An hour later, the sounds will sigh away to a weary whimper; the heat will slowly increase; and the acrid fumes coming in from the industrial districts and the refineries to the southeast will become more penetrating.

The apparition did not arrive at a quiet time. He arrived at high noon, amid the growing bitterness in the air and amid the beginning of the weary heat. He touched first the sounds. Around him as he walked there fell a cone of silence. It was as though a cold breath had come that froze voices and halted movement.

His pace was neither fast nor slow. It was evident that he need not hurry, for he was no nearer the end of his journey than when he had started. It was evident, too, that he need not slacken his pace; for those things which he saw he had seen before and there was no novelty to arrest his attention.

Drivers turned frozen faces toward him and looked away in horror. Pedestrians were transfixed, mouths twisted and agape. Heads turned to follow his progress, and eyes filled with hatred and loathing.

He was indifferent to this--indifferent to the cone of silence, indifferent to the city, indifferent to the reaction with which he was greeted. He walked down the middle of East Fifth Street. Cars halted as he approached. He weaved between them without varying his stride. He walked as though it were merely necessary to consume a given distance before the fall of night.

After he passed on, life resumed again, slowly at first and then more and more quickly. Automobiles moved. Horns blared impatiently against the sudden, inexplicable congestion. Conversations resumed. The veil lifted.

The man walked on.

New spectators shuddered and hid behind their hands or sucked in their breaths and turned away to flee a few steps in nameless terror.

On he came, down the middle of East Fifth Street, his eyes fixed ahead, his pace steady.

The girl stepped out of the Tip Top Bar. It was one of the bars on East Fifth that was off limits to service personnel. She was greeted by the oppressive heat and the moist congestion.

Her hair was blonde, out of a bottle of peroxide, and turning dark at the roots. Her cheeks were rouged and her lips were painted. Her body stood in the doorway and stretched mechanically. Her eyes surveyed the street. They saw what a stranger's could not: a plainclothed policeman, another prostitute, a teenage girl looking for a fix, a pimp, a bookmaker, the man the teenager was searching for, a fat woman who sold marajuana cigarettes, a thief, a sexual psychopath, and a young man who preyed upon homosexuals. This was her hard, mechanical world. It was set in motion by an unknown force and jangled along endlessly in accord with an obscure and repetitious logic she could not comprehend. Tomorrow, the faces might change, but the world would not.

Her hard eyes acknowledged it, and leisurely standing in the doorway of the bar, she lighted a cigarette and blew smoke gratefully into the quiet air. She showed her legs and hips to an advantage out of habit rather than hope. The signs at noon were never propitious.

Her veiled eyes accepted open stares of sensuous curiosity from the men and blunted hostility from the women. She accepted them alike with an inward shrug: Yeah, Buster? So what, baby? She thought mechanical obscenities at them.

She lived in a cheap rooming house a few blocks away. She paid fifty dollars a month rent and always prefaced any fleeting thought of her landlord with the phrase, "that bastard." She did most of her work in cheap hotel rooms and sometimes she managed to get a kickback from the bell-hop if the tip were large enough.

At the moment, she had twenty six dollars and change. She was hungry. She wanted a drink. Maybe if she ate something, she could sit in as a B-girl for an hour or so in the afternoon and pick up some drinks at Joe's Cosmo Grill, for kicks, down the street. Maybe she even could find a trick for the afternoon if she were lucky.

Her rent was due.



She stood, encased in an abrasive indifference, considering alternatives. She thought a few more obscenities at the passers-by. She sized up the men, out of habit. That young buck, with the long, easy stride, was the hot-handed, eager type, fast, savage, and then it would be over with. Not too bad. The old goat passing, dressed like a million dollars, would be a romantic reformer with his gentle fumbling and stale smell and ultimate perversion. There were worse. And this one: a man...but so what? Happily married, probably. The type you sometimes get at conventions.

She wondered when in the hell they were going to have another convention downtown. Those were good times.

She thought it would be just her luck to get busted again, trying too hard to make the rent. The last time had been nearly four months ago. She was overdue.

She thought she ought to eat.

She looked around and winked the tears of smoke from her eyes. The misty sun seemed loud and bright after the murky darkness of the bar.

Depression came. This was not her day. She felt a fleeting moment of insecurity. The people around her were suddenly unreal. The world was no longer her home. She was a permanent transient. She responded to the thought with a monotonous string of obscenities. The obscenities extended themselves until they assumed for her a fascination. The blunt, dead world of vulgarity contained infinite combinations.

She silently asked a passing office girl: What would you think, deary, if you knew what I was thinking? The girl in her stiff, clean blouse was propelled along on hurrying feet nowhere.

Then she glanced to her left and saw the man walking in silence down the middle of East Fifth Street.

The man, since he cannot be remembered, cannot be described. But since he cannot, really, ever be forgotten, description is unnecessary.

Tall, short, slim or stout, these are matters of conjecture. Think about it for a moment, draw up your own picture. What is the colour of the eyes, the hair, the skin? What is the shape of the hands? What is the sound of the voice? And what is the colour and the texture of the ageless dusty clothing and the footwear?

He had come a long way, through rain and snow and bitter sunshine. He had walked down highways shimmering with summer heat, across fields sprinkled with spring flowers, through piled drifts of white winter snow and among the dying leaves of uncounted autumns. He had crossed and recrossed deserts and mountains, from cold into heat and then into cold again. The seasons and the endless weary miles had not aged the traveler. And inside that skull, there was a brain, a living, pulsing organ traced with the delicate lines of other times and other tongues and other faces.

Think for a moment.

What of the face? And remember the expression in the eyes?

Perhaps you have seen the figure on a crowded street at noon, walking in the cone of silence; or perhaps worse--

Out of the blackness that surrounds the house, there is a hollow, hesitant knock. Fresh with thoughts of the world, you open the door to the night. The face peers at you out of the darkness; the tongue speaks. There is an indescribable chill of pure terror and disgust that freezes in your blood. You gasp, cry out, stumble back, look away... The traveler has gone; the night has swallowed him. Your heart races, then flutters in confusion, and then is once more quiet. And he...was no more. You stand for a moment, puzzled, at the door. Why are you here? A shiver comes. You know not what has happened.

But would you not, this minute, cry out if you were suddenly again confronted with the face?

And the voice. The phone rings. You hear the voice pleading out of an endless silence and you are numb with a great sickness. There is a sigh as old and weary as time itself, a click, and only the line is dead.

What if, this very moment, out of the silence of your room, you should hear that voice again, softly, at your elbow?

The girl gave a cry and tried to hide from him behind her hands. She was transfixed and immobile.

He was now nearly abreast of her. His measured pace faltered. He turned. Eyes into eyes.

Her lips trembled.

He came to her side, and still she could not move.

"Please," he said. That one word, no more; but with what expression it was said and what dark agony, none remembers.

He held out his hand, beseeching.

The scream came and blossomed into the cone of silence around him and crackled in it like audible lightning.

She fell away, sobbing.

"Go away! Let me alone!"

Are the eyes too weary for hope too weary, now, for tears? You have seen, you know.

The ageless sigh; the traveler turns; after a lost moment of hopeless hesitation, the heavy way is resumed.

The girl's hands fell from her face.

The figure was retreating, taking along with him his silence; slowly her hands rose. They were leaden, and the arms were leaden, and her body was without feeling, as though dead. The hands stretched toward him. She saw herself reflected in his shimmering reflection down through time. Reality dissolved; and she saw herself and more than herself. Her mouth was choked and dry with the centuries, and she tried to cry out to him. Tears entered her eyes and ran shamelessly down across the rouge on her cheeks.

She wanted to stumble after him, mechanically, since her body was still frozen. She wanted to crawl, stagger, stumble, however was necessary to move, to follow him down all those other lonely, silent streets to his own, or to her own, eternity, and she wanted to lose her lostness in this greater lostness.

Other sounds came again. The memory was fading. She tried to cling to the memory.

There was a man--

There was--

There--

But it was gone; or perhaps not gone but just not remembered. Something strange had happened to her but it defied analysis. Wonderingly, she put a hand to the cheek, and wonderingly looked down at the unfamiliar moisture on her fingertips.

She sobbed, and her voice could not rise beyond a sob nor reach out and call back something lost forever.

Not knowing whom she meant, she whispered, "He understands," and the whisper was a hollow sound in a cavern of dry tears.



**SEXUAL
SYMBOLISM
IN
W. H. HODGSON**

BY

SID BIRCHBY

The House on the Borderland was first published in 1908, and shows certain affinities with H.G. Wells's "Time Machine." There is a time-travel episode, for instance, in which the hero notes the passage of day and night as "a sort of gigantic ponderous flicker," a convention familiar to most readers of time-travel stories. "The Sun," he notes, "made one clean, clear sweep through the sky,...and the night came and went with a like haste."

There are pseudo-scientific footnotes to the text, which in a plonking way mirror those found in Wells, e.g., "I can only suppose that the time of the Earth's yearly journey had ceased to bear its present relative proportion to the period of the Sun's rotation." Such footnotes remained an accepted writer's device in science-fiction until well into the 1930's.

But behind the facade of straight science-fiction is a story told by Hodgson alone. Its hero, identified only as "The Recluse," lives in a lonely house in Western Ireland. This house, for no very clear reasons, is under siege by weird creatures which emerge from a nearby ravine. In mid-plot the Recluse finds himself making an apocalyptic trip into the future. From this he learns that the monsters have always existed underground, and always will until the remote age when the dead Earth falls into the Sun. He returns to the present and to his doom. The story ends as the creatures burst into his study.

The sense of nemesis brooding over the house is competently done, and looks backwards to Poe and forwards to Lovecraft. But where Poe's necrophily would have coloured the narrative, or Lovecraft's penchant for the degradation of Man, Hodgson lays on a wash of courtly romance. True to the idiom it is a Hopeless Romance; no more than two sketchy encounters with a Soul-mate while time-travelling, plus a certain amount of breast-beating and cries of "Shall we never meet again?" It could easily be discounted as standard literary practice at Hodgson's level and in his day, and of no special importance in understanding the work. Yet in the light of certain sexual symbols appearing in the story it is indeed, like the impassive iceberg, the only visible fraction of a submerged giant.

The besieging creatures are pallid swine-like things prowling through the bushes like the transformed lovers of Circe, yet as savage as those other symbols of erotic lust, the Gadarene swine. They are linked with images of carnality, foulness, and female genitalia: their home is "in the bowels of the world" and they pour out through a pit which mysteriously enlarges itself: "The side of the Pit appeared to have collapsed, forming a deep V-shaped cleft. In the angle of the V was a great hole, not unlike an arched doorway." We learn that through this hole the monsters emerge. Gradually the Pit fills with water and overflows into caverns under the House itself. The final end of the House is to collapse into the Pit.

Physical love is an animal thing, foul and all-engulfing. No good will come of sexual intercourse, only the savage lusts of the swine (whose speech is described as similar to human speech but "glutinous and sticky"). The True Love spurns physical contact:

She came over swiftly and touched me and it was as though Heaven had opened. Yet when I reached out my hands to her, she put me from her with tenderly stern hands, and I was abashed.

The Recluse meets her first as he stands upon the shore of an immense and silent sea, which she tells him is called "The Sea of Sleep." It is in fact the womb-image, from which she emerges in "a bubble of white foam floating up out of the depths." Overhead, reiterating the symbolism, was "a stupendous globe of pale fire, that swam a little above the far horizon, and shed a foam-like light above the quiet waters."

The true love is virginal as a new-born babe, and is glimpsed only in sleep. Or she is as impregnable as a Sleeping Princess.

Only once again does he meet her. It is after the end of the Solar System, and he sees "a boundless river of softly shimmering globes." He is impelled towards one of them: "Then I slid through into the interior without experiencing the least resistance." Would that the return to the womb were always so easy! Once inside the globe, he recognises his surroundings. He is again by the Sea of Sleep, and sure enough his loved one is there. With this wealth of imagery, can we any longer doubt her identity?

The distant future is also the main locale of The Night Land, published in 1912. At last the Sun has gone out and the human race is embattled in the Last Redoubt against various nyctaloptic beasts: "The Thing that Nods," "The Watcher in the South East," "The Night Hounds," and so on. The Redoubt is mostly underground; only a Pyramid shows on the surface. Outside all is darkness and terror, but once within we descend to lands of warmth and light, complete with pseudo-sun and pseudo sky. So might a mother's breast offer a haven against the dangers of the world, and rouse yearnings for the lost Eden of the womb.

As in The House on the Borderland, the hero tells the story but is not named. It is as if Hodgson identified himself so fully with his heroes that to name them would have broken the spell. The first half of the book sets the scene and tells how the hero makes telepathic contact with Naani, a girl in a far-off Redoubt. They fall in love and he sets out across the Night Land to rescue her from the monsters which are besieging her Redoubt.

Spiritual love, then, is more important than physical attributes. First there must be a meeting of minds. Having found the true love, the lover must at once rescue her from the temptations of the world.

He arrives at the Lesser Redoubt after an odyssey of superbly-written fantasy, only to find that it has fallen. Naani alone is saved, and the second half of the book describes their return to base. This is, on the surface, a simple Sir Galahad fantasy. He defends the girl against various monsters, he calls her "Mine Own Maid," and he even wears armour. To ensure that we do not miss the point, the entire story is written in a pseudo-mediaeval, and quite irritating, style, full of "verily's" and "Lo's." But from the very moment that he meets the girl, curious undertones become apparent. In the words of the old song, he seems to be fighting an impulse to use the traditional methods of protecting her from the foggy, foggy dew.

When they first meet, he has to strip off his cloak to cover her, for her clothes have been torn as she ran from the monsters. Later, while she sleeps, he does a far far better thing by taking off his underclothes and laying them beside her, "for truly she was nigh unclothed." Egad!

Thenceforth the narrative abounds with instances of what I can only call sublimated stripping. She mends her torn garments, having first put on his underpants. She bathes in a pool, while he discreetly turns his back. She has her clothes ripped off by a savage. Naked fugitives from the sack of the Redoubt flit screaming through the night, hotly pursued by monsters. One of them, a girl, is ripped in half. And so forth.



Moreover, as the journey progresses, the hero develops foot-fetishism. It begins when she kisses him "thrice very passionate and warm upon the mouth." His reaction: "I made her to stand upon the rock, and I set free her hair over her shoulders, and I took then the boots from her, so that her little feet did show bare and pretty."

In another love-scene, he "kist per pretty toes," and in a third he openly admits his obsession: "She now to slip her foot-gear, that her feet be bare unto me, as I did love." It seems that Sir Galahad is sublimating madly.

But the fruits of sexual repression continue to ripen into new perversions. We learn that he is, as the advertisements discreetly say, interested in Discipline and the Whip. Only thus, it appears, can he make her realise that he is "surely her Master, and she mine own Baby-Slave." So, when food is short and she secretly gives him part of her rations, he whips her for being deceitful, "so hard that she had screamed if that she had been any coward." Fortunately, she derives an erotic stimulus from it, for "presently I knew that she kist the whipt hand secretly in the dark."

Perhaps for this reason, he is soon thinking of whipping her again for being fickle. In the middle of a love-scene, she suddenly tires of his advances! Two other whippings do take place, and each, although justified with talk of "impudence" and "rebellion," is set in the context of a love-scene. The final episode begins with a new perversion--he ties a belt around her waist and leads her along by it. Soon she cuts herself free. He chases and catches her, "loosens her garment... and sets the belt thrice across her pretty shoulders." This incident is followed by a love-scene. It is with some relief that we watch them gain the safety of the Great Redoubt and so call a halt to this Poor Man's Kama Sutra.

Doubtless none of the above erotic nuances were intended to be displayed either by the characters or by the author. If the Galahad-theme constitutes the surface of the story, the eroticism is not the second, but the third layer, buried deep below the reach of all but our present post-Freudian generation. It is the middle layer of allegory that may have been meant to be excavated.

And now the meaning of the allegory is plain. In The House on the Borderland we are told to reject the bestial lust of physical passion--it is a pit dug under the human race from time immemorial. It will always be there until the world ends. The only love on which we can rely is that which demands nothing from us, and gives all; the unselfish love that only a mother can give. Nobody is more worthy of devotion. In a spiritual sense, of course.

Any fears lest such mother-fixation might arouse latent tendencies to homosexuality are dispelled as we interpret The Night Land's message. With our mother's strength to back us, and armoured by her against the evils of the world, we find a young virgin and save her from worldly peril. Although she is wilful and disobedient at first, we force her, for her own good, to obey us in everything, because what we do is what our mother has taught us, and is Right. We take her home to mother, with whom we must live when we are married, for there is nowhere else left that is not over-run with evil things.

The last sentence of The Night Land reads: "For that which doth be truly Love doth mother Honour and Faithfulness; and they three, to build the House of Joy."

No need for me to name the key-word.

RIVERSIDE MISCELLANY

I Subscribers and contributors should note the editor's new address: 1314 Empress Ave, Saskatoon, Canada. Subscribers may remit a maximum of 25¢ out of the present subscription rate (\$1.25) in U.S. stamps, while those who inadvertently send only a dollar total will receive three issues instead of four.

II The poem in this issue was found amidst a pile of papers possibly left over from Ron Smith's INSIDE, but on this particular MS no address was indicated. If any RQ reader knows whether Mr. Ross is alive or dead and (if the former) his present location, I should appreciate receiving this information.

III The symposium on H.P. Lovecraft originally was printed to compensate readers of INSIDE for its year-long delay in publication, and does not count as an "issue" on anybody's subscription. But your present editor no longer possesses any copies, so those new readers who wish to obtain one must contribute two dollars to the LASFS club-house fund, c/o Paul Turner, 541-A Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach-6, California. All cheques should be made out to Mr. Turner.

THE RQ RECOMMENDS..

Terror of the Caribbean sea-lanes was the raider, Queen Anne's Revenge, and one easily imagines the sensations experienced by those sailors who saw, preparing to board, its ogish commander, his beard literally wreathed in smoke.

...ruthless marauder, he was a maniac on the quarter-deck of his black-hulled ship, the Queen Anne's Revenge.

Blackbeard they called him. His murderous crew believed he would outlast hell itself. 1

Indeed, Edward Teach alias Blackbeard has survived Perdition and, still more, Los Angeles, where he now publishes a magazine which bears the same title as his ship. Conceivably, we deal not with the original Blackbeard, but a descendant; in any case the Queen Anne's Revenge is edited with "Blackbeard's" customary boldness and ingenuity.

Issue One contains ample variety. For the meta-fan, whose concern is not science-fiction but people associated with science-fiction, there is a short story by Dian Girard and a new comic strip by William Rotsler--plus Ellie Turner's account of the ersatz convention at her house and the party-goers encamped there. For the more seriously minded there is verse by Fritz Leiber and Walter Breen, a book review by Dale Hart, and various articles and asides by the editor, whose sensible remarks on Alexei Panshin's scandalous "Jockstrap" article² are a welcome change from the shocked ejaculations of other fanzine contributors.

(Blackbeard's one fault--and the only evidence that he is not the infamous Edward Teach--is his excessive generosity: on reading his "Now, Me Proud Booty" one would infer that the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) comprises a set of embryonic H.L.Menckens--an illusion quickly dispelled for any literate person who actually tries to read the magazines.)

Unfortunately, issue One is now out of print, with copies being harder to obtain than locations of buried doubloons; but if cut-throat methods fail, the reader at least can obtain the next several issues by sending a dollar to William Blackbeard, harboured at 192 Mountain View, Los Angeles 90057. Whatever he decides to do, however, the reader ought to do it at once.

1) Back-cover advertisement for Don Tracy, Carolina Corsair (New York: Pocket Book, Inc., 1957).

2) Shangri L'Affaires, #67, November-December 1963.

Likewise worthy of praise is Shangri-L'Affaires, newly edited by Dean Boggs alias Redd Boggs (P.O.Box 57242, Los Angeles 90057). In previous years SL has been a curious mixture of brilliance and incompetence, its multitude of incisive articles having been overbalanced by an array of trivia one would expect only in an APA mailing. Boggs, however, is the most capable editor in his field, so that his first two SL's, even though they contained nothing outstanding, had a certain readability that most other magazines lack.

But the third "new" SL carries Arthur Cox's article on Harry Bates, which by itself suffices to justify this magazine's undistinguished past. It is impossible to indicate in this space the many insights conveyed in Cox's analysis, which (among many other things) discusses Bates's obsession with the Problem of Identity*and the conflict between rationality and instinct (i.e., individual and racial identity), manifested so often in this author's works. (Recall, e.g., how there is conveyed in "A Matter of Size" and "Alas, All Thinking!" the notion of racial extermination via preoccupation with intellect.) Therefore I shall remark only that this essay represents literary criticism at its best, and that Boggs's present publication rectifies the one sin in his otherwise exemplary career: the suspension of Skyhook, in the late Fifties, after printing in it the first half of Cox's article. At this stage one wishes that Boggs could have sinned more often, so that he could now recover other illuminating essays such as this.

For the benefit of the uninitiated I must list two other literate magazines: Amra (c/o Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. 22307--\$2 for 8 issues) and Haunted (edited by Sam Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles 90019--\$1.75 for 4 issues), the first of these specialising in the he-man blood-and-guts type of fantasy a la Robert Howard and Edgar R. Burroughs and the other, in the Weird Tales school, with special attention to H.P. Lovecraft.

I also feel obliged to mention the British Zenith, edited by Peter Weston (9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham-31 --\$1 for 5 issues). Much of the current (fifth) issue, I regret to say, is just slightly more readable than a telephone book, namely, the lists of book and magazine titles--with their associated tables of contents--and the reviews which are mostly synopses; but the presence of the always entertaining Walt Willis is, perhaps, a sign of Things to Come, as is the awareness exhibited by the editor of the deficiencies in his publication. To my knowledge, Zenith is still the best British fanzine.

*The Problem of Identity may be stated: If there existed an exact duplicate of myself--with the same body and the same thoughts --would this second person actually be me?"--or as stated in The Passing of Ku Sui, "Could my own 'I' exist in some other body?"

Selected Letters

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Dear Leland:

.....
I shouldn't try to comment on your essay until I find out How It Comes Out. But this first section causes me to wonder if you're going to overlook the even deeper associations between knowledge and disaster that runs through mythology in non-Christian and pre-Christian cultures. It shows up in two ways in the greek legends, for instance: specifically, in instances like the individual who decides to contrive a way to fly through the air and dies of the experiment, and less directly, when Philemon and Baucis are rewarded for proper behavior while ignorant of the nature of their guests or Orpheus loses Euridice because he wants to take a forbidden look at her. Then there were Pandora, Psyche, and many others. I imagine that the psychoanalysts have covered the matter somewhere, for it seems to be something quite basic: witness the quite prevalent belief among primitive people that you possess some sort of advantage over an individual if he does not know your true name.

Anyway, it's curious that there were only occasional and isolated protests against the consistent bad luck that befell scientists in the early stories (and remember that this wasn't something that Gernsback contrived; Wells probably was the first to write this way consistently, while in Verne the scientist usually gets along just fine). I believe that Ray Van Houten's Pro-Scientist movement around 1939 was the first organized attempt to cause writers to take a different attitude. It's obvious that Ray picked the worst possible year to say that scientific advances don't always rain death and destruction on people.

Kris Neville covers too much ground in this talk to permit thorough comments in one letter. The quality of the prozines in the past decade doesn't induce me to share his belief that their complete disappearance would be harmful to the future of science fiction: I think I'd take my chances on the degree of freedom permitted a writer in Harpers over that allowed in Analog, if I really had to choose. But to worry about the future of science fiction on the theory that such worry might provide a solution to the problem is not my idea of a good way to use spare time. I find it much simpler to concede that the way the nation is going has doomed fiction magazines in general, that there is absolutely no hope of salvation in television or the movies, and that we'll just have to take our chances with books and an occasionally receptive editor of a magazine that publishes a few stories each issue in addition to its picture essays and fact articles.

I don't dare try to comment on the opinions of Arthur J. Cox because I haven't read the novel involved. But it's one of the best reviews I've seen in a fanzine this year. It sticks to the point, something that apparently learned and perceptive reviews don't achieve in and out of fanzines, and the way that information about the plot and environment of the novel is mortised into the opinions and conjectures is a marvel of literary workmanship.

The splendid Schneeman sketches are the best justification of your use of an expensive means of reproduction. This sort of thing is far more interesting and useful than colour slides taken from magazine covers or biographical information on the date of birth and marriage of the artist. Notes on the sources of the sketches would be helpful, although I grant that you may have omitted them deliberately on the theory that this would cause readers to leaf through old "Astoundings," an exercise that is admittedly useful to any fan. ...There is a startling degree of atmospheric value to the one on page 26, and I suspect that it may have acquired some of this admirable vagueness by blurring a little in the reproduction.

The note from J.O.Bailey provided me with some reassurance that there are a few stable and dependable things in this changing world. I get the oddest sort of satisfaction out of knowing that he and the University of North Carolina are still synonymous after all these years, no matter how many other transitory things change at a frantic rate.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

I agree that non-Christian sources for the Faustus legend--Pandora, Icarus, Prometheus, etc.--should have been mentioned, as well as Frankenstein's Monster, which (like "Amazing's" Mad Scientist) represented the man without a soul, i.e. man as conceived in terms of Newtonian mechanics. On pp. 8, 26 the sketches were for Nat Schachner's "Old Fireball" (June 1941); p.15, "Slan" (Sept.1940); pp. 22,28, R.De Will Miller's "The Master Shall Not Die" (March 1938); while the sketch on p.31 was for J.R. Fearn's "Deserted Universe" (Sept.1936). The sketch on p.26 was artistically superior to its final version in "Astounding"--for the same reason that the suppression of irrelevant detail by members of the Impressionist school, their deliberate effects of "vagueness," enabled them to produce a unity of effect impossible for the proponents of pictorial "realism."

4554 N. Malden St. Chicago 60640

Dear Leland:

From this issue of Riverside Quarterly I get a distinct impression that you people are holding a wake down there. Apparently it is generally agreed that science-fiction is "stone cold daid in the market place." Hm. There is a lot to support such an assumption. But why grieve? There was enough warning that it was going to happen. Since the field of science-fiction obstinately refused to duck, it deserved the lumps it got.

Look what science-fiction did to itself. It put all of its eggs into one basket labelled "intellectual sophistication"; and the bottom dropped out. That really was not very bright. What kept science-fiction going in the "good old days" was the extreme variety of the material. Magazines ranged from Martian Wild West to "We Couldn't be Serious." The public had its choice, depending on its mood and/or intellectual status. It also helped that the oldtime editors realized that no magazine can exist for long without sales. Continual sales mean pleasing the public. The public will not give up its money for something it does not want.

So Wild-West-in-Space isn't art. However, it is certainly remunerative; and there is nothing like the solid clank of coin for brightening up the offices of a publishing company.

However, all of this talk of cold cash is of no interest to science-fiction fans, editors, and writers. No. They will spout glorious phrases concerning science-fiction's great contributions to literature and the advancement of all mankind. Nobody knows they are around, but they will talk about it, anyway. They will weep crocodile tears over the coffin and comment on what a lovely funeral it is. Then they will walk bravely into the sunset like a bunch of asinine martyrs.

This letter is not written with the intention of pleasing anyone. It is not even written for the purpose of engendering anger (though it probably will). I am just filled with that oldtime "sense of wonder" at the peculiar fate of a once popular field of writing.

D. Bruce Berry

Recall that lack of variety was cited by the speaker himself as a "basic fault" of contemporary s.f. But I doubt that bona fide grief was felt during Mr. Neville's speech, since as noted in its preface, the speaker no longer writes s.f. and his audience no longer reads it. Note also that the "serious" magazines like Analog and F&SF and Galaxy have outlasted those like "Planet" and TWS whose staple was Wild-West-in-Space, an indication, perhaps, that space opera is not so remunerative as Mr. Berry suggests.

Dear Leland:

Kris Neville's speech is by far the most comment-worthy item in the first Riverside Quarterly...

In addition to the cited reason for the superiority of science-fiction short stories to novels, a typical science-fictional gimmick is not sufficient in itself to support a long story. In most cases a strong element of human interest and characterization must be present to keep a novel moving. Campbell's "Who Goes There?", Heinlein's "Elsewhen," and T.L. Sherred's "E for Effort" might all have been expanded to novel length merely by delving more deeply into the nooks and crannies of complication made possible by the gimmick itself; the most probable result would have been three tedious novels, if the interplay of character remained as minimal as in the shorter versions. Admittedly, some gimmicks, in expert hands, may be parlayed into worthwhile novels while human interest remains almost nil, as witness Hal Clement's Mission of Gravity.

As Mr. Neville points out, most science-fiction writers are amateurs; thus, it is to be expected that they should not be superlative artists. It is logical that most s.f. writers would excel at stories requiring a maximum of ingenuity rather than any great quality of workmanship.

.....
I wholly disagree with the idea that "amateurishness is not a fault." I have no idea what I've missed in the way of intellectual stimulation because of an inability to force my way through some writer's tepid and congealing prose. A fine view does you no good if the window's too dirty to see through...

"In the main, science-fiction writers do not see the environment changing man: only man changing the environment." Is this a failing? I think not. Man was pretty much the same critter when the Egyptians were in flower as he is today, and will, barring extremely drastic mutation, be more or less the same in the year 4000 A.D. Things just don't move all that fast on the evolutionary ladder; Mother Nature takes her time about such things. Furthermore, I seriously doubt the ability of any human being to portray meaningfully the next step upward, except in a very general way, such as in Childhood's End. Superhuman mutants we've had, by the hundredweight, but essentially these were nothing more than people with tendrils, tentacles, or telepathy glued on. Van Vogt's supermen are not "new men," just poor characterizations. The main idea of science-fiction, as closely as one can say about such a heterogeneous field, is man in relation to his environment, with man as the constant and environment variable. People in a rational society may behave differently from those in, for instance, the United States ca. 1964, but on the other hand a Samoan will behave differently from an Iclander or a Chinese. The keyboard is the same; there are all sorts of possible letter-combinations. The people of Huxley's Brave New World were essentially the same as the people of today, with the same desires and motivations; they were just satisfied in different ways.

.....
Sincerely

John Boston

The variety of gadgetry is finite, whereas the ramifications of character are not--which perhaps explains why certain stories (like Heinlein's "Lifeline" and Howard Wandrei's "The God Box") are memorable even though their associated "ideas" were not new. I do not think that Mr. Neville was referring to evolutionary, i.e., physical, changes. To use Mr. Boston's example, the reactions of a future American might be in some respects more like those of a contemporary Samoan than those of a contemporary American--and it is the job of the s.f. writer to depict such changes.

ALSO HEARD FROM...

Reece Morehead, who objects to Kris Neville's statements about s.f. writers eschewing "decent human emotions, such as sex and love" and as counter-examples lists "City," "More Than Human," "Requiem," "That Only a Mother..," "The Ant and the Eye," "I am Nothing," "The Cold Equations," as well as Zena Henderson, "most of Budrys, all of Stapledon, early del Rey, P.J. Farmer, etc..."

Concerning the current lack of "young, brash, crude, exciting magazines...to satisfy the needs of the transition period" this correspondent remarks: "No one would expect any fan-to-be to jump from Superman to Last and First Men or The Humanoids in a single bound...but what about the juvenile novels, especially those of Andre Norton and/or Heinlein? As for 'young, brash, crude, exciting' stories, have you noticed Ace's line lately? No one, but No One could accuse them of trying to promote Serious Science Fiction."

But recall that Mr. Neville referred to brash and exciting magazines: the paperbacks, even with their wild-west version of s.f., do not convey the same excitement as their pulp counterparts, since there is missing (besides illustrations) the letter columns and the resulting feeling of mutual participation by the readers.

POSTSCRIPT

I must emphasise the title, selected letters, because not all letters will be printed. In this issue it was necessary because of "paper shortage" to omit sections of certain letters, e.g., the first paragraph of Mr. Warner's and the last of Mr. Boston's, and these deletions are sometimes indicated by dotted line segments.....

FRED WHITLEGGE 5224 YALE STREET MONTCLAIR, CALIFORNIA

A fabulous collection of excerpts from old Munsey magazines such as Argosy, Allstory, etc.--hundreds of s.f. titles plus mysteries, westerns, adventure, etc. A few sample titles:

Serials

Bechdolt, Jack	The House of Fraud (1930)	\$1.00
Cummings, Ray	Flood (1934)	1.00
Flint, Homer E.	The Planeteer (1918)	3.00
Flint, H.E. and Hall, Austin	The Blind Spot (1921)	5.00
Kline, Otis A.	The Prince of Peril (1930)	3.00
	The Planet of Peril (1939)	3.00
Kline, O.A. and Price, E. Hoffman	Satans on Saturn	2.00
Rousseau, Victor	Worlds's End (1933)	1.50
Smith, Garret	Between Worlds (1919)	3.00

Shorts and Novelettes

Ernst, Paul	The Puppets of Madam Bovard (1938)	\$1.00
	Stealer of Minds (1938)	1.00
Flint, H.E.	The Man in the Moon (short)	1.00
Leinster, Murray	The Man Who Put Out the Sun (1932)	1.00
	The Earth Shaker (1933)	1.00
Starzl, R.F.	The Moon Drug (short)	0.60

Many more, including titles by H. Bedford-Jones, Philip M. Fisher, J.U. Giesy & J. Smith (the Semidual stories), Eric Stanley Gardner, Fred MacIsaac, Talbot Mundy, and W. Wirt. I also have most of Flynn's and Detective Fiction Weekly, all excerpted.

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